The Cursed Doll

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The Cursed Doll

by Anna_Jay

Summary

The day has come for the curse to be broken.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The Curse Ends

Will held his breath as he drew the circle on the floor of Hannibal's room. He could feel his muscles tensing as he forced his hand to be steady. The circle needed to be perfect. He had been practicing for weeks now leading to tonight. There was no room for failure.

Finished with the circle, Will began to draw the intricate designs of the pentagram. He followed the instructions from the black book he found buried in the forest with the help of Hannibal's returned powers. Afterward, Will set the candles at the specified points directed in the book. He lit the candles causing the light to cast eerie shadows along the walls of the barren room.

A familiar weight settled itself on his shoulder, and Will smiled as tiny claws raked through his hair.

"It is just about finished." Will said. He turned his head to give Hannibal a kiss.

The fae purred. "Good. I fear, my dear Will, I'm becoming impatient. Midnight is almost here."

Will glanced up at the clock on the wall. He had put it there for the purpose of the ritual. Timing was crucial. If they were to do this right, they needed to begin at the strike of midnight.

Will was distracted from the clock as Hannibal nipped at his ears and neck.

"Best you get in the circle, Hannibal. We'll have to do this soon."

"Hmm… maybe just one more nibble."

Hannibal bit at Will's ear again, this time drawing blood on the lobe. Will laughed and captured his love in his hands. Hannibal looked at ease in his palms. His red eyes were hooded in barely concealed lust as he lapped the rest of Will's blood off his lips. "I simply cannot wait until the curse is broken to fully repay you, my dear Will."

"Let's just hope this works. I'm no witch. Who knows what will happen?"

"I have the uttermost faith in you."

Will smiled and stroked Hannibal's face. Hannibal in turn nipped at Will's thumb, his teeth still stained red. Will allowed Hannibal to give his fingers sharp kisses before he carefully lowered him to the center of the circle. Hannibal gracefully jumped down the rest of the way. Will backed away, examined his circle to make sure everything was perfect and looked up at the clock again.

"Are you ready?"

“More than you could imagine.”

Will picked up the knife at his side. He hesitated only a moment before slicing the blade through his palm. He put the knife down quickly and brought his hands together so the blood would pool. Will made eye contact with Hannibal, whose eyes had begun to glow bright red.

“Let’s begin, shall we?”

The clock chimed.

Hannibal spoke in an unknown language.

Will dripped his blood onto Hannibal.

The pentagram began to glow; Will had to look away. The sting in his palm, barely noticeable before, grew stronger, and Will realized that the pain was traveling up his arm. He looked down at his hand and to his horror matching symbols from the pentagram began to creep up his arm.

“Wh-what? What’s happening?”

The pain became unbearable. It encompassed him. He fell to the floor and could only gasp in agony.

Hannibal stopped chanting. The pain only intensified.

“Don’t worry, my dear William. It is all going to plan.”

The candles flickered out.

Ending Part A

Chapter Notes

> So, you guys all pretty much guessed all the endings lol. Not sure if that means I'm predictable or we all just know Hannibal super well haha.
> Here is Ending A. Enjoy.

Abigail was working on homework when her phone plinged. She reached for it, eyes still on her computer screen, and unlocked the phone with memorized ease. She looked at the phone once it was unlocked and nearly dropped it. The headline of the news app that had opened said in large, bold letters:

FAMOUS ‘DOLL HOUSE’ BURNED TO THE GROUND

Abigail immediately called Will. It rang and rang until it went to voice mail.

She tried again.

And again.

And again.

She cursed and just as she was hurrying to put her shoes on her phone rang. She answered with gritted teeth. “What. Happened?”

“Hey, Abby.” Will’s all too calm voice fluttered through the speaker.

“Don’t you ‘hey, Abby’ me, William. Are you okay? How did the fire start?”

“How do you even know about that?”

“I have a news app for your town.”

“…My town has a news a—”

“This is literally unimportant right now. Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes I’m fine. Winston’s fine. The police and fire department think the fire is due to faulty wiring that finally went out. They are still investigating.”

Abigail sighed and flopped onto her bed. She suddenly felt exhausted. “Worst. You are the worst. I’m going to die young.”

Will laughed. “Don’t be so dramatic.”

“Me? Dramatic? I would never. That’s your job.”

Will laughed again, and as angry as she was, Abigail could help but smile. A thought struck her.

“Where are you staying?”

“Huh?”

“I said where are you staying? You know? Since your home burned down?”

There was silence on the other end before Will gave an uncomfortable laugh.

“Uh, so, I was going to ask you—”

“Yes, you can say here.”

“I don’t want to impose,” Will hurried along. “I know you’ve got tests coming up. And I don’t remember what your apartment’s rule is on dogs. It would only be for maybe a few days. A week at most. And we’ll be out of your hair.”

Abigail rolled her eyes. Silly Will to even think she would turn him away. “Will, come on. You’re my brother. It’ll be fine. You can stay as long as you like.”

Will thanked her. He then became quiet.

“Will?”

“Um. Actually, there’s something else I should probably mention?” Will paused. “Do you have room for one more?”

Abigail frowned, confused. “One more? Did you adopt another dog?”

“No, no. I, ah.” Will became quiet. He whispered. “I have a boyfriend?”

“You what?” Abigail exclaimed. She sprang to her feet. “What’s his name? Does he have a Facebook? I’m going to creep on him.”

“No, no, no! Abigail don’t make this weird.” Will pleaded.

She continued on as if Will hadn’t said anything. “What’s his astrological sign?”

“Abby, please.”

“Does he like dogs? What does he like to eat?”

“Please stop.”

“Does he know *you’re* weird? Did you trick him into liking you?”

Will groaned very loudly, and Abigail could just see him rubbing his face with his hand. “I regret this already.”

Abigail smiled. “When should I expect you to come?”

Will sounded very relieved to move on from the topic they both knew was not really dropped. Abigail would just corner him later about it. Or maybe just interrogate this mysterious boyfriend herself.

Roman Fell was different than what Abigail was expecting. For starters, he was the exact opposite of Will. The man carried himself well. His posture was straight, his simple button up shirt and slacks pristine and wrinkle free even after the long car ride, and his hair styled neatly. A far cry from the frumpy clothes Will was bundled in. It was almost comical to see the two side by side.

However, Roman proved to be the sweetest man Abigail had ever met. He gave her a bouquet of her favorite flowers along with a vase in her favorite color. He even brought groceries to prepare supper so she wouldn’t have to cook.

Abigail protested. “But you’re the guest. I should cook.”

“Nonsense,” Roman said. He had an accent Abigail couldn’t place. “Consider it payment for letting us stay with you on such short notice. Besides, I enjoy cooking.”

Abigail frowned but allowed Roman free range in the kitchen. Noticing her expression, Roman smiled and gestured to the living room.

“Why don’t you wait in the living room with William?”

Abigail found herself sitting on the couch watching a sitcom on TV with Will. She didn’t entirely recall when she got there.

The food was perfect. Conversation flowed during the meal, and when they fell into silence it was peaceful. Abigail caught Will glancing over at Roman in between bites. The expression on his face made Abigail’s heart melt. Everything was going great, which was why Abigail didn’t understand the growing unease in the pit of her stomach.

“Abby? Are you okay?” Will asked.

Abigail blinked out of her thoughts. She was washing dishes while Will dried. Roman had volunteered to take Winston for a walk to allow the siblings time together. Winston, in his excitement, jumped up on Roman. Abigail expected him to scold Winston for wrinkling his clothes, but Roman just smiled and patted the dog on the head before leashing him up. She wasn’t sure why she expected a different outcome.

“I’m fine.” She said as she continued washing. She realized she had been scrubbing the same plate far longer than expected.

Will crossed his arms. “Alright, out with it. What’s bothering you?”

Abigail sighed and let the plate sink back into the water.

“I don’t know, Will. Roman seems nice and all, and he clearly makes you happy, but I just have this feeling.” She put a damp hand on her stomach. “I don’t know, I just feel anxious is all.”

“Anxious?”

“Yeah. Like. I just…” She turned to face him. “Have you sent me his picture before?”

“No. I just told you about him a few days ago? Why?”

“He looks so familiar…” Abigail whispered. She knew she had seen his face before, but she couldn’t pin point how. Specifically, it was his eyes that bothered her the most. Maroon was an uncommon color.

Will laughed, startling her out of her thoughts. “He does have one of those faces, doesn’t he? I asked him that same exact question when I first met him.”

Abigail’s anxiousness died away and curiosity took over. “Oh?”

“Yeah. His car was broken down outside of town. I thought he worked at the local news station since he was wearing a suit and tie. I fixed his car free of charge, but he wouldn’t accept that and insisted he take me out for lunch.” Will smiled as he dried a cup. “Things just kind of went from there.”

“How come you’ve kept him a secret?”

“We’d only just started dating. I didn’t want to introduce you and then suddenly break up. Knowing you, you’d probably hunt him down.”

“Right you are.” Abigail smirked. “No one breaks my big bro’s heart.”

“Aw, how sweet of you.”

The two fell into giggles. Will reached up to put the cup away. His sleeve retracted and exposed his wrist. Abigail gasped and grabbed Will’s arm.

“Will! You never told me you got a tattoo.”

Before Will could stop her, Abigail pushed his sleeve up to expose an intricate pattern of black lines and circles sprawling up his left arm. Abigail squinted at it.

“What is it a tattoo of?”

“It’s nothing. I just thought it looked cool.” Will pulled his arm away and pulled down his sleeve.

“You got a tribal tattoo because you thought it looked cool?” Abigail asked.

“It isn’t a tribal tattoo, Abby.”

“I would have thought your first tattoo would be a dog or something.”

“Yeah, well…”

“Man, if dad were here to see this.”

Will put his head in his hands. “Please let it go, Abby.”

“Let what go?”

The Graham siblings turned as Roman entered the kitchen. Will smiled at him and asked how the walk went. While they talked, Abigail’s earlier thoughts began to cloud the forefront of her mind. She glanced over at them and saw how happy Will looked. She pushed the thoughts aside and continued washing dishes.

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The days passed in peace. Abigail a few classes before Spring break started, so she was home most days to spend time with Will and Roman. She showed them the sights and her favorite hangout spots and restaurants. Will enjoyed himself. Abigail could tell it wasn’t exactly Roman’s idea of a fun time, but he smiled politely and followed along because Will asked. Any lingering thoughts Abigail had about him were gone. She attributed the odd feeling to stress from studying and lack of sleep. Really, if Will liked the guy then there was nothing to worry about.

Abigail and Will were watching tv in the living room while Roman cooked lunch. Abigail fidgeted with her hair before she turned to Will. “I meant to ask, but I thought maybe it might make you sad.” Will turned to her, confused. Abigail pressed on. “What happened to Hannibal?”

Will looked surprised. He glanced briefly towards the kitchen before looking down. “Oh. I was kind of hoping you wouldn’t bring him up.” He gave a small, humorous laugh. “He burned with the house.”

Abigail reached out to take Will’s hand. “I’m so sorry. I know you really liked him.”

Will shrugged. “It was probably for the best. He was part of the Doll House. The rumor was he could never leave. Maybe now whatever curse was in the house let him go.”

Abigail nodded. She turned back to the tv. “You know, if you ever want to borrow one of mine…”

Will laughed. “Thank you, but Hannibal was a special case. He’ll be the one and only doll I take care of.”

Abigail understood. She didn’t know what she would do if one of her dolls was destroyed. Sure, Hannibal was thrust upon Will in an unusual manner and maybe not truly his, but it came into Will’s life when he needed it.

“If I need to, I’ll just fill the void with more dogs.” Will joked. Abigail laughed along.

From the kitchen, the unnoticed pause in cooking resumed.

Will was taking a shower when Roman decided to take Winston for an evening walk. It left Abigail alone to do whatever she wanted. She grabbed a book and was about to curl up in her chair when there was a knock at the door. Odd. It couldn’t have been Roman; she had given him the key to get back into the apartment. Cautiously, Abigail approached the door and checked the peep hole.

Standing on the other side was her next door neighbor. A foul little man who made Abigail’s skin crawl. He was honestly one of the reasons she was looking for alternative places to live once her lease was up.

He knocked on the door again.

Bracing herself, Abigail opened the door.

“Hello, how can—”

“You have a dog here.” He interrupted. It took Abigail a moment to comprehend what he said.

“I, yes, my brother is visiting and—”

“Dogs aren’t allowed in the building.”

“He’s only staying for—”

“I’m allergic to dogs.”

“He’s only here for a few—”

“I’m going to speak with the landlord. This is unacceptable.”

Abigail wanted to scream. In a rush, she blurted, “He’s only staying a few days and then he’ll be gone.”

The man scoffed. “My health is at risk because of your disregard for the rules. I’ll see it you are removed.”

Fear prickled in the bottom of Abigail’s stomach. It must have shown on her face for her neighbor smiled viciously. “Of course, I could be persuaded to not tell the landlord.”

Abigail wanted to puke on his feet.

“Can I help you?”

Both Abigail and the neighbor turned as Roman returned with Winston in tow. The hair on Winston’s back was standing up and his posture was stiff. Abigail prayed the dog wouldn’t try to leap at the neighbor.

The neighbor backed away, hasty to get distance between himself and Winston. “Get that thing away from me.”

Roman smiled and handed Abigail the leash. “There’s no need for hostilities. I’m sure we can work something out.”

“There’s nothing to work out. Dogs are not allowed in the building.” The neighbor growled.

“Really? It seemed a moment ago you were trying to negotiate something out with Miss Graham. Am I wrong?”

Abigail’s face flushed. The neighbor’s face paled. He opened his mouth and promptly shut it.

Roman’s smile never left his lips. “We will only be here a few more days, and then the building will be dog free once more. I’m sure that won’t be a problem.” He tilted his head. Something about the gesture was off. The neighbor must have also noticed, for he hastily nodded and scampered back to his apartment.

Abigail blinked and was sitting on the couch with a cup of tea in hand and her book in her lap. Roman was sitting next to her with his own book with Winston curled up by his feet. The sound of the shower provided white noise along with the near silent tv. Abigail looked around, confused by the sudden shift of scenery.

“Don’t worry.” Roman said as he turned a page. “Men like that are all bark with no bite.”

Abigail stammered. “I, thank you.”

“Think nothing of it.” Roman looked up from his book. His maroon eyes captivated her. They almost seemed red. “Your happiness is important to William. What makes him happy makes me happy. Therefore, you are important to me. Do you understand?”

Abigail nodded.

The sounds of the shower stopped.

“Good. I think it may be best to keep what happened between us. Will would be upset if he thought he was causing you trouble.”

Abigail nodded again.

Roman blinked and returned to his reading. Abigail set her tea aside and rubbed her forehead. She suddenly felt exhausted. She went to bed early that night. Winston followed her and curled up at the foot of the bed. It didn’t take long for her to fall asleep.

The bedroom door, which had been slightly ajar, softly closed.

It was late into the night when Hannibal returned. His footsteps were silent as he passed Abigail’s room and entered the guest room. Will was waiting for him, his drooping eyes snapping open as Hannibal approached.

“I told you not to wait up for me.” Hannibal gently scolded. He carded his fingers through Will’s hair, causing Will’s eyes to fall close.

“I know, but I was nervous.” Will whispered. Hannibal smiled and continued his ministrations. Will brought a hand up to stop him. “How did it go?”

“Perfectly. Not a single drop of blood spilled.”

“Really?” Will raised and eyebrow before pulling Hannibal in for a kiss. It lacked the usual tang of iron. “Would you like some?”

Hannibal smiled. He came in for one more kiss before trailing down Will’s body. He pushed aside the already open shirt and latched onto a nipple. Will gasped as Hannibal’s sharp teeth began to tease.

“As much as I would love to continue, my dear, you need to sleep.” Hannibal said as he kissed back up to Will’s lips. “Perhaps we’ll continue while Abigail is taking her last test.”

“You are the worst.” Will whined. He flopped back onto the bed taking Hannibal with him. Hannibal softly chuckled and bit at the exposed neck. He slid his hands up Will’s thighs and dipped his fingers under the elastic band. He traced over a recent love bite on the boney part of Will’s hip. Will’s breath hitched.

“Perhaps a small night cap would be nice.”

Will could only nod as the hand slid under the band and gave a tight squeeze.

“Best stay quiet, my pet. We don’t want to wake Abigail.”

Will did his best to glare at Hannibal, but it was all for naught when the fae began to move his hand. He grabbed hold of his pants and lowered them to give Hannibal more room, exposing his hips and thighs which were littered in bitemarks. Hannibal took the time to admire his previous work before leaning down to bite down on Will's inner right thigh.

Will gasped as the mix of pain and pleasure took hold. He reached down with his left hand and tangled his fingers in Hannibal's hair. Hannibal in turn purred in approval. After he had his fill, Hannibal turned his attention to Will's need. Will's only warning was a lick at the tip before Hannibal engulfed him.

Will gasped. His hips thrust forward and his back arched. The markings on his arm began to glow red as he tightened his hold. He bit his lips, determined to stay silent. A burst of iron touched his tongue as his lips bled, and Will's pleasure peaked. He crashed back to the bed. His breathing ragged. Hannibal continued to suck and drink Will's essence. It was almost as good as blood.

With one last lingering lick, Hannibal crawled his way back up to Will and gave him a deep kiss. Will accepted it and curled his arms around him. He brought his legs up and circled them around Hannibal's waist.

The sky was beginning to lighten by the time they fell asleep.

Months after Will and Roman had left, the body of Abigail's neighbor was found. A heart attack was the official cause of death. Abigail texted Roman with the news. She wasn't sure why. Probably since she promised not to tell Will about the situation with the neighbor. Roman only responded with a smiley face and an attachment of he and Will sitting at a restaurant. They both looked very happy.

Smiling, Abigail went to save the photo under the folder "Photos of Will". As she was skimming through the photos, she noticed something odd. She knew she had saved photos of Hannibal in this folder, but she couldn't find them. It was as if they had all been erased.

End Notes

Hey there. It has been awhile since I've visited the Doll House. When I had first thought up an ending I thought of three different endings and I couldn't decide which one I wanted.

So.

I decided on all three.

There will be Endings A, B, C. Hopefully I can get them out all in a timely fashion (and have them be longer than this chapter haha.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!